

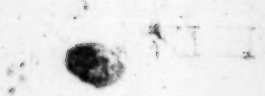
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THE  
CONTRE TEMPS;

OR,

Rival Queans.

[Price 1s.]



THE  
CONTRÉ TEMPS;

OR,

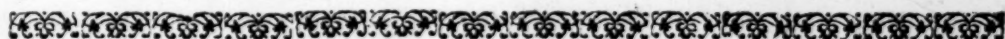
Rival Queens:

A

SMALL FARCE.

As it was lately Acted, with great Applause, at  
H—d—r's private Th—re near the

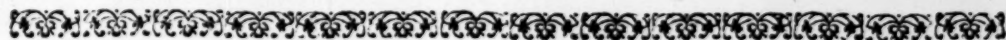
H— — — Y M— — — T.



*Et cantare pares, & respondere paratæ. Virg. Bucol. 7<sup>ma</sup>.*

*Both young Italians, both alike inspir'd  
To sing, or scold; just as the time requir'd.*

Modern Translation.



L O N D O N :—

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's. 1727.

[ Price 1s. ]



# Dramatis Personæ.

*F---s---na*, Queen of *Bologna*.

*C---z---ni*, Princess of *Modena*.

*H---d---r*, High-priest to the Academy of Discord.

*H---d---l*, Professor of Harmony to the Academy.

*S---s---no*, Chief of the Choir.

*M---u---o*, { Violino primo to the Queen of *Bologna*, to  
keep her Majesty's Body in tune.

*S---d---ni*, { Basso Continuo, and Treasurer to the Prin-  
cesses of *Modena*.

A Chorus of P---rs and Tupees, with Cat-calls.

SCENE the Temple of Discord near the *H---y-M---t*.

Time equal to the Representation.





T H E  
C O N T R E T E M P S ;  
O R ,  
Rival Queans.

*S C E N E opens and discovers the Temple of Discord : An Altar with Crowns, Globes, Sceptres and other Ensigns of Royalty. The Queen and Princess on either side the Altar. The High-Priest in his Pontificabilus. The great Officers in their proper Stations.*

*The Chorus of D--k--s, L--d--s and Tupees rang'd on each side the Stage according to their Factions ; Cat-calls in their Hands, and Whistles, with Bells about their Necks ; officiating as Under-Priests. After a short Symphony, and some small Ceremonies, the High-Priest comes forward.*

\* H—G—R.

**D** Read Queen and Princess, hail ! we thus are met,  
To settle matters of the greatest weight :  
From this propitious hour, for years to come,  
The world expects its peace, and we our doom :  
Here discord reigns, but all the muses know,  
From discord sweetest harmony does flow ;  
The omen's good ! — oh ! let it here prove so :

B

Agree



Agree my Queens! — or we must perish all,  
 With you the sons of harmony will fall;  
 All other civil feuds, or foreign jars,  
 Domestick broils, and long projected wars,  
 Are now forgot: — Here hopes and fears attend,  
 And wait with panting hearts the dubious end;  
 Nor *Gibraltar* we seek, nor *Port-Mahon*;  
 Possessing you, makes all the world our own:  
 Who wails expiring *Sp—n*, or dead *Cza—na*?  
 Leave us kind heav'n! — *C--z--ni* and *F--s--na*!  
 With bright *F--s--na*, we lose all our Beaus;  
 And *D---ks* must die, when sweet *C--z--ni* goes:

H—D—L.

—Nor shall the Saxon ever more compose.

H—G—R.

On this alliance think how much depends;  
 Great-Britain pity, and embrace as friends:  
 Why shou'd ambition now your hearts divide?  
 In gay triumphal chariots both shall ride;  
 From gilded thrones the kneeling world command,  
 While globes and sceptres grace each pretty hand;  
 Your glitt'ring crowns shall o'er the stars prevail,  
 And pages sweat beneath th' embroider'd tail;  
 Vast whisker'd guards your honour shall maintain,  
 And tinsell damsels swell the shining train;

Ad-

Address'd with majesty at ev'ry word,  
And off the stage like goddeses ador'd :  
What wou'd you more?— — —

F—s—N A.

— — — Count *H-g-r* I grant ;  
Your prudence justly touches all we want :  
The case full plain and open you have laid,  
And push'd the very point up to the head ;  
Pride rules our female souls ; thus fir'd, we dare  
Like man all dangers scorn ; and thirst for war :  
Our little breasts will pant and heave for fame,  
Swell'd with th' ambition of the foremost name.  
Shall then that chit with me claim equal sway ?  
That mushroom songstrefs of the other day !  
With me contend ? -- ye gods ! -- with me compare ?  
Unskill'd in notes, and ev'ry graceful air !

[*C--z--ni's faction play their instruments.*]

C — Z — NI.

Vain insolence ! -- how shall our cause be try'd ?  
So small your merit, and so great your pride :  
My equal held ! --- what more can you pretend ?  
Nor cou'd your majesty that plea defend ;  
For peace, did I not vastly condescend :

Of honour if I grant th' alternate part,  
 'Tis more my goodness thought, than your desert :  
 The title of a queen is but a name,  
 The empty founding of a blast of fame ;  
 Since piqu'd, the grandeur of th' affair you hope ;  
 For honour's sake I cannot give it up :  
 My friends are firm as yours, my claim as strong ;  
 As great my courage, and my nails as long.

[F—ft—na's *Faction* tune their pipes.]

S—s—NO.

Great Ladies ! -- Chief -- supporters of this stage,  
 Let faction cease, and moderate your rage :  
 Why on your selves this threatned ruin hurl'd ?  
 Your forces join, and you'll enslave the world :  
 Both parties this division renders weak,  
 And this *Vanbrughian* dome it self does shake ;  
 If no respect you have for *S---ino*,  
 Think of what fums you leave of ready *rino*.

[*Both Factions make a terrible noise.*]

S—s—NO.

*Aside.*] How difficult's my task betwixt these two ;  
 Each hopes my aid, and nothing can I do ;

Serenely



Serenely tho' I stand th' alternate brunt,  
 And pocket, for my ease, a small affront;  
 Yet when their factions deal their vengeance round,  
 Hisses and cat-calls undistinguish'd wound.

F—s—N A.

My *Caro Si*, thanks for your kind advice;  
 There's nothing can be finer, but your voice:  
 This horrid pufs presumes, that I'd engage,  
 To sing the second on the *British* stage;  
 What were you, thing, — to whom did you belong,  
 When I charm'd *Italy* by force of song;  
 When greatest princes did my fetters wear;  
 In droves they ran my triumphs to prepare,  
 While purpl'd cardinals brought up the rear:  
 Then crowded theatres I cou'd controul,  
 While you were sniv'ling at your *fa, mi, sol*;  
 Unrival'd I in action, voice and fame;  
 Nor durst C--z---ni breath, where e'er F---f---na came.

C—Z—N I.

Unthinking wretch! --- to boast of what you were;  
 Thus mouldy virgins cry; we once were fair!  
 Too long the reins of empire you did hold,  
 Resign the charge, you're past it now, and old;

C

At

At best an impotent, and royal drone,  
 Unfit, as unbecoming on a throne:  
 If here you arrogantly boast applause,  
 We need no conjurers to guess the cause:  
 The judging Tupees on your action doat,  
 Astonish'd at the warble of that throat,  
 And dwell with raptures on your shaking note:  
 While cunning you, the want of voice supply,  
 By dint of wanton hand, and rolling eye.

F—S—N A.

Old! did she say? — the malice of my fate!  
 What was old woman ever good for yet?  
 Fiend-like you strive t' anticipate my time,  
 And hurry me to hell, while in my prime;  
 But monster to thy just confusion know,  
 I'm sound within, without, from top to toe;  
 And much the world's deceiv'd; or you're not so:  
 Cou'd I to *Nestor's* years my life prolong,  
 Still shou'd my voice enchant, still clear as strong;  
 While you in rip'ning, like a medlar, rot,  
 At best a *Gorgon's* face, and *Siren's* throat;  
 Help your decaying lungs, and chew *eringo*:  
 Thou little awkward creature! -- can you *stringo*?

C—Z—NI.

## C—Z—NI.

By jufter means my empire I maintain,  
 And fcorn from fuch poor arts applaufe to gain;  
 Kind heav'n beftow'd my voice to charm mankind,  
 While you the body move--- I touch the mind:  
 Nor do I meanly condefcend to charm,  
 By tickling fingers or a twining arm;  
 To do you juftice tho'; -- I think -- 'tis known,  
 That you to pleafe, imploy more pipes than one.

## F—S—NA.

Nature of ways to pleafe gave you no choice,  
 But juft equipp'd you with a trifling voice;  
 A fmall canary bird! — below my rage!  
 I'll fix the pretty chirper in its cage:  
 Thus on the ftage fuperior pow'r you'll own,  
 While from your prifon, I afcend my throne;  
 Then thro' the world led after me in ftate,  
 As *Tamerlane* fery'd vanquifh'd *Bajazet*.

## C—Z—NI.

How fine are those majestick words, and stalk !  
 'Tis hard ! — you cannot sing, as well as talk :  
 'Twere proper first at conquest you shou'd aim,  
 Nor triumph yet, till victory you claim :  
 Before those judges let our plea be try'd,  
 Whose ears unbiass'd can what's just decide ;  
 Such who dare own, they're pleas'd with notes in tune,  
 And musick's too luxuriant branches prune :  
 Such who your wild chromatick rants despise ;  
 And to my sweet pathetick yield the prize ;  
 Such who distinguish nicely in each note,  
 The *gargle* from the *warble* of a throat.

## H—D—R.

O spare your lungs, and close this strange contest ;  
 In equal merits neither is the best :  
 But now the bold cascade delights our eyes,  
 Its falling cataracts give wild surprize ;  
 Anon we chuse the solitary grove,  
 Where gentle streams in softest murmurs move ;  
 There down the precipice loud torrents roll,  
 Here sweet meanders wind into the soul.

## F—S—NA.



F—S—NA.

Let not one inch of merit pray be loft ;  
 Her pipe I think is all that she can boast ;  
 And poor *S—nd—ni* finds, when e'er 'tis try'd,  
 That she's all over pipe, from fide to fide ;  
 Her body looks as from the fairies stole,  
 Enough of carcass to make one large hole ;  
 Where he in love's wide Bay of *Biscay* toft,  
 Hard plys his oar ; but ne'er can touch the coast.

S—D—NI.

Speak of your triumphs over bleeding hearts,  
 But do not thus affront our nat'ral parts.

C—Z—NI.

My person touch'd ! — your malice I despise ;  
 I'll spoil your fingering and tear out your eyes ;  
 Each limb, each motion mar, each graceful air,  
 Those ornaments you practise with such care ;  
 Thus end the wond'rous magick of your voice,  
 Which all in clever execution lies :

D

Your



Your courage like your voice may be a sham,  
To try, thus down your throat your lies I'll cram :

[*Lays hold of Fau--na's head-cloaths.*]

S—D—N I. [*Holding C--z--ni.*]

*Mais je vous prie doucement ma petite femme.*

F—S—N A.

Nay, Madam, if you like bear-garden play,  
On ev'ry stage I'll match you any way,

[*Lays hands on C--z--ni's head-dress*]

[*The Queen and Princess box.*]

[*S--d--ni and M--ro strive to part them.*]

M—R O.

My Queen! -- in bounds this swelling tide restrain ;  
She's deaf to all advice! -- I strive in vain !

S—D—N I.

Fury so obstinate who can perfwade?  
A dozen of the guards bring to our aid :

What's

What's to be done? -- they can't outlive this bout,

H—D—L.

I think 'tis best -- to let 'em fight it out:  
Oil to the flames you add, to stop their rage;  
When tir'd, of course, their fury will assuage.

*[They stop to take breath.]*

C—Z—N I.

Your Majesty's convinc'd now at your heart,  
I'm capable to play a premier part:  
If not yet satisfied———

F—S—N A.

——— As I'm a finner  
The furious minx has tore my mechlin pinner;  
She shall repent it tho' the devil's in her:  
To arms, to arms; -- too long we've idle stood —  
Sound instruments of war, revenge and blood.

}  
}

*The Queen and Princess again engage ; Both fac-  
tions play all their warlike Instruments ; Cat-calls,  
Serpents and Cuckoos make a dreadful din : F--s--na  
lays flat C--z--ni's nose with a Sceptre ; — C--z--ni  
breaks*

*breaks her head with a gilt-leather crown : H--l desirous to see an end of the battle, animates them with a kettle-drum ; a globe thrown at random hits the high-priest on the temples, he staggers off the Stage : S--d--ni and M--ro quit their posts and take shelter behind the Scenes — The Queen looses her head of hair, and the Princess her nose in the skirmish : At last the goddess discord inspires C--z--ni with more than mortal bravery, she plys her Antagonist so warmly, the Queen is obliged to fly — the Princess follows ; S--s--no creeps from under the Altar where he lay hid, and moralizes in the following simile.*

S—s—N O.

So have I seen two furly bull-dogs tear  
 Firm limb from limb, and strip the flesh of hair ;  
 Mangled all o'er, each carcass but one wound,  
 They snarling, biting, bleeding, stand their ground ;  
 When tir'd at last, the noisy fray is done,  
 The mighty cause of war was but a bone :  
 The pageant glory of a title thus  
 To rage provokes each catterwauling pufs ;  
 So much the shew of greatness is their care,  
 They'll lose the substance for a puff of air.



*The Curtain drops.*